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LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

PRICE 10 CTS 1,00 A YEAR

PUBLISHED BY S. E. CASSINO BOSTON

AN AGENT wanted in every City and Town in the United States.

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S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

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LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY

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VOYAGING. (*See page* 231.)

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. II JUNE, 1899. No. 8.

THE FLAG.

(For Flag Day.)

FLING out the flag, O children,
That all the world may see
How cradled deep in the heart of a child
The love of the flag may be;
The love of the flag with its crimson bars
And its field of blue with the spangled stars.

Salute the flag, O children,
With grave and reverent hand,
For it means far more than the eye can see—
Your home and your native land!
And men have died for its crimson bars
And its field of blue with the spangled stars!

Revere the flag, O children,
Wherever its folds you see,
For cradled deep in the heart of a child
The love of the flag may be—
The love of the flag with its crimson bars
And its field of blue with the spangled stars!

Pray for the flag, O children,
That never a traitor bold
Defame a bar or a spangled star,
Or sully a silken fold!
Yes, pray for the flag with its crimson bars
And its field of blue with the spangled stars!

Gertrude E. Heath.

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MR. NUTT'S DOG NED.

MR. and Mrs. Nutt have a small farm, a lot of children, and a nice dog.

Mr. Nutt works the farm himself, and his two big boys, Tom and Harry, help him. Mrs. Nutt and Mary, the eldest girl, do the milking and churning; the next daughter, Nell, feeds the chickens; and the three younger children, George, Lucy and Kate, hunt eggs in the hay loft and crannies, out of school hours.

Mr. Nutt's dog, Ned, watches and takes care of the whole family in his vigilant dog's way.

Ned is a brown cocker spaniel, and the most cheerful wiggling waggling dog in the world. He follows Mr. Nutt whereever he goes, ploughing, planting, hoeing or harvesting, follows the boys to pasture with the cows, watches Mary at the milking, and runs all over the place, barking and finding when the others hunt for eggs. He runs to the postoffice, fetches the evening paper, escorts the children to school, and then hurries home to help Mrs. Nutt to churn; or else, on off days, sits in the sun, on the hill, flicking his tail, and snapping at flies, waiting for school to be over when he can race off to meet his friends. In these resting moments he is joined by a small, young, speckled hen, who never leaves him, if she can help it.

Of course the Nutt children love Ned dearly, and cannot say enough in his praise. They think he might learn to read, he is so clever, and they know that he can count.

This is how they found it out, and also the way he won the friendship of the little, young, speckled hen.

The little, young, speckled hen's mother, the old, big, speckled hen, had a way of stealing her nest and hiding the eggs, and therefore had to be watched. Once upon a time Mrs. Nutt and Mary missed her for many days, and even the children failed to find her.

One day they heard a great cluck-cluck-clucking, in the yard—and who should come marching along, with head high in air and feet hardly touching the ground, for pride, but Mrs. Speckle Hen; and huddled around her, tripping and tumbling over the

grass, a weeney, fluffy brood of chicks with pink feet and legs, beady eyes, and yellow down for feathers.

The children fairly danced when they saw her, they were so glad. They screamed at the top of their voices, "Mother, mother, come and see! here is Old Speckle with *ten* chicks!"

Mrs. Nutt and Mr. Nutt, Tom and Harry, Mary and Nell, came hurrying out to see the runaway hen come home with a brood. Ned came too, but with a look of grave concern;

WAITING FOR SCHOOL TO BE OVER.

and while the others counted and admired the little chicks, that knowing fellow also sniffed around the little newly-fledged creatures, while Mother Speckle spread out her wings crossly, and tried to drive him away.

"Yes, ten chicks," the Nutt children counted. "Speckle has ten chicks! Where can she have hidden the nest?"

Ned cocked up his ears, at "ten chicks," cast a scornful look

at the stately mother, and then dashed off to a neglected stump in the far corner of the stone wall.

Presently he came back with an egg in his mouth, laid it gently in Mrs. Nutt's apron, and then jumped about, wagging his tail and barking joyously.

The egg Ned had brought was not a very fresh-looking egg. Mrs. Nutt touched it with her finger, and it was warm; it stirred in her apron and then the tiny tip of a yellow beak was seen, pecking at the shell, from the inside—a little live chick was there trying to get out into the great world.

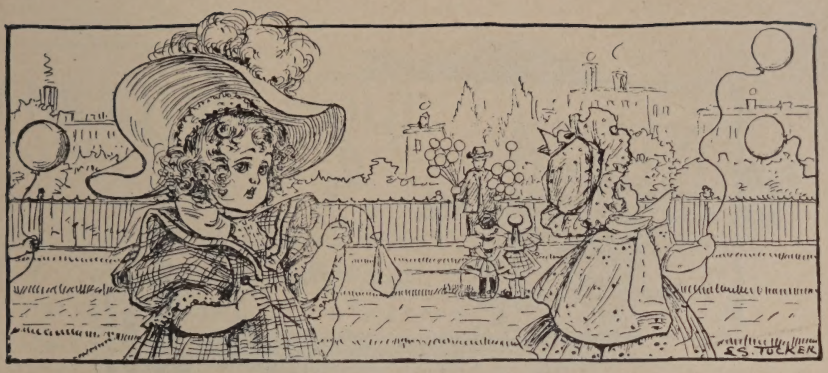
Mrs. Nutt put the egg in cotton, near the fire, and "*peck, peck*," sounded the little beak, and "*break, break*," went the shell. Soon out came another weeney, fluffy chick with pink feet and legs, beady eyes, and yellow down for feathers, and Mrs. Nutt called to her children to come and see "Speckle's eleventh chick." Then they all went and put it under Mother Speckle's wings and she brooded it with the others. All the time Ned watched them intently, licking his mouth and yawning, wagging his tail and following the chicken jealously, even to the soft cover of its mother's wings.

The foundling never grew as big as the other chicks, and was called "Ned's chicken." Ned knew it from the other, and would fetch it tenderly in his mouth to the house, from the barn, when told "Go fetch your chicken!"

And the chicken learned to watch for Ned and followed him everywhere.

The Nutt children make a special pet of Ned's chicken. They say, if Ned had not watched Old Speckle when she stole her nest and laid her eggs in the neglected stump, and if he had not *counted* the *eleven eggs* and known that one was missing when Speckle came home with *ten chicks*—then Old Speckle would have forgotten the poor little odd one, in her pride over the ten, and "Ned's chick" would have stayed in the stump, in the shell, and have never seen the light of day, nor known the very great fun of scratching up the flower-seeds in Mary's garden.

Olive Risley Seward.



THE TIME OF BALLOONS.

VOYAGING.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

AMONG the grasses and waving sedge,
Down by the blue, blue river's edge,
A little boat rides away;
And in it there sits a little maid,
Under the drooping willow's shade,
On a sunny summer day.

She croons and croons a contented song,
And the ripples murmur and lap along
The sides of her little boat;
In dreams she is sailing upon the sea,
Away and away, so gallant and free
Her beautiful ship doth float.

This voyaging's fun to the little maid,
Who never was known to be afraid,
Though no one is by her side;
She may sail and sail all the summer day,
On the great high seas in the boldest way,
For—the little boat is tied!

Annie Willis McCullough.

THIS "Jennie G.,"
Who can she be?

On books and papers, here and there,
Her name is written with great care;

And just above the doughnut pail,
That hangs upon the pantry wall,
This same mysterious name I find,
In letters very neat and small;

And boldly written "Jennie G.'s"
Upon the back-yard fence appear—
Who can she be that writes her name
In all these places without fear?

Now, do not tell when you've
been told—
A little girl, just six years old,

Says, "'Jennie G.'?—
Why that is *me!*"

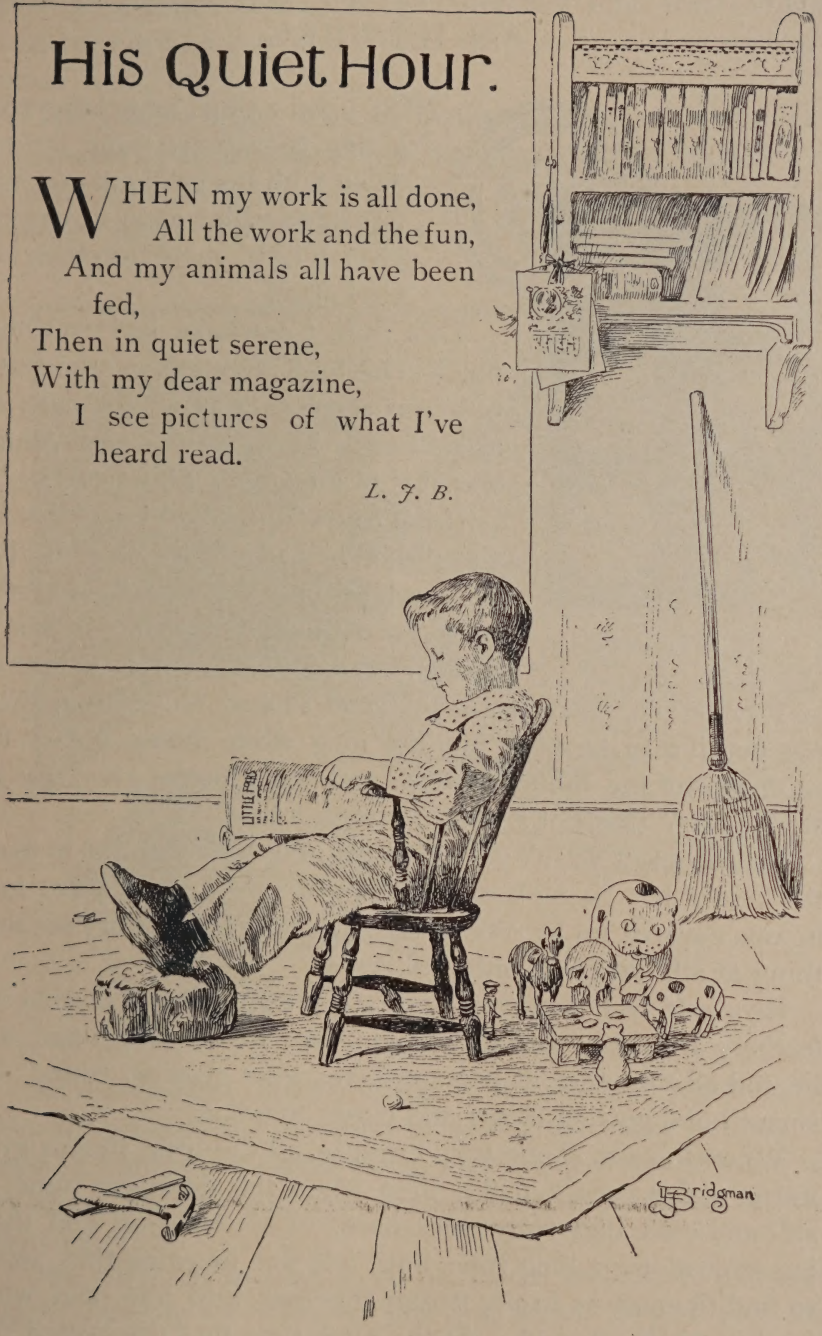
Jessie L. Britton.

THIS IS "JENNIE G."

His Quiet Hour.

WHEN my work is all done,
All the work and the fun,
And my animals all have been fed,
Then in quiet serene,
With my dear magazine,
I see pictures of what I've heard read.

L. J. B.



THE SNOWFLAKE THAT HELPED MAKE AN ICEBERG.

SOME OF THE FLAKES.

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, a tiny Snowflake came sailing down with his brothers and sisters into a valley away up among the high mountain-tops of Greenland.

This little Snowflake had travelled much in his long lifetime, sometimes as a raindrop, sometimes as a mist particle, as well as in his present shape, which was that of a feathery white star.

If the Snowflake could remember all the places he had visited—and he has never told us that he couldn't—he must have thought the mountains of Greenland a very dreary place indeed for a home; for when he settled and looked about him, there was nothing to be seen but the long white valley below, the snow-caps of the mountain-tops, and the gloomy grey sky up above; not a tree, not a bird, nor even a boy.

The prospect wasn't very pleasant; but he concluded to make the best of it. So he settled down in his bed and before long he was covered up by other Flakes, so that he couldn't see anything at all, but could only feel.

He *could* feel, however, and after awhile he felt that his feathery arms were being pressed closer to his body, and that he and all the other little Snowflakes were growing round and smooth and getting closer and closer together.

When the sun shone very brightly, all the little Flakes grew warm, and thawed a trifle; then when the darkness came, so still and cold, they froze very hard. This freezing and thawing kept on for a long time, until one fine morning they awoke to find themselves firmly frozen together into blue and white ice, beautifully striped. At the same time they discovered that

they were much farther down the valley than before. They had travelled so very slowly that they really hadn't noticed it at all.

The Flakes began to look about them now. They found they were a part of a huge ice-river flowing slowly, oh, so slowly, down through the valley to the sea; for in Greenland it is too cold for these rivers of ice to melt and form rivers of water.

THE HUGE RIVER OF ICE.

As the ice-river flowed along, it scraped and smoothed off the big rocks of the mountain-sides and the valley bottom, and carried the broken pieces along, just as our rivers of water carry along the sand and mud washed from their banks by their flowing.

(We find rocks to-day all polished and scored by just such immense ice-rivers, or glaciers, which flowed over them long, long ago, before there were people here).

THE ICEBERGS.

It doesn't take long to tell of the little Snowflake's travels from the high valley in the mountains to the sea; but no one knows exactly how long a time he spent on the journey, though it is said that he never at any time went faster than sixty feet a day.

But when the Snowflake reached the sea at last, he saw very strange sights.

He saw the Esquimaux mothers in their white trousers carrying their little naked babies in their hoods, and Esquimaux fathers out in their kyaks spearing seals. These kyaks were canoes made of sealskin, and he saw some of them stuck up on poles out of the reach of the hungry dogs, who are very fond of gnawing sealskin. He saw the funny little ice houses too in which these people lived, for he was near the edge of the glacier now, where he could look across the bay at the village.

All at once the Snowflake heard a crack—crack! boom—boom! very near by; he felt himself go down into the water, then up, then down, then up—until away he floated out into

the bay with all his brothers and sisters packed close to him still. He heard a shout across the bay, and as he looked up he saw the little Esquimaux boys running up from the beach. Chasing after them was a huge wave which broke on the shore.

Did the little Snowflake, all hardened into ice, know, I wonder, that he was part of a big, big iceberg now? and that the iceberg made that huge wave when it broke off from the glacier and fell over into the water?

Away sailed the iceberg, slowly and gracefully, like a big, big ship. It kept along its course with hundreds of others towards the south, growing smaller and taking on strange shapes as it went, turning over occasionally when it got topheavy. As it sailed, it dropped its load of dirt and stones to the bottom of the ocean, scaring the little fishes, and finally, little by little, it melted away entirely.

Then our little Snowflake found himself a little waterdrop once more, a part of that big ocean which holds so very many little waterdrops. And did he rest there? Not long. The waterdrops have not time to rest—they have work to do.

No doubt already he has started again on his journey to the clouds, and perhaps you may see him come down again, a little raindrop, in the very next shower.

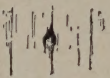
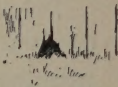
Mary L. Hammatt.

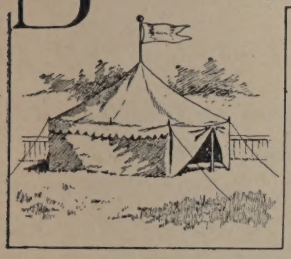
THE TEENTY-WEENTIES.

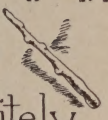
ACROSS the fields I see her go;
My hat she's heaped with flowers,
The sweetest, wildest flowers that grow
In rainbowed April showers.
"Now, Auntie," soon her clear voice rings,
"That's all the f'owers you'll det!
The rest's such teenty-weenty fings
Their eyes aint open yet!"

Stella Weiler-Taylor.

WHERE WAS THE LITTLE WHITE DOG?

When Teddy and the Butcher's boy went on their rounds with the meat the next day, they came to a fence, and behind the they heard music. Then the Butcher's boy peeped through a  , and saw a great white with a flag flying. "Oh!" said the Butcher's boy. "It's a circus! Wouldn't I like to go in!" But Teddy saw a  in the fence, where a little could creep through, and in he went, and over he scampered to the Wonderful things he saw there. Horses and ponies and dogs and a and a and monkeys and a beautiful lady all dressed like a and a clown with a funny cap on his head.



By and by a man came out of the tent with a dish in his hand. Teddy was hungry, and when he saw the he sat up and begged very prettily. For he could do many cunning tricks, this bright little , – toss a piece of from his nose and catch it in his mouth, and play soldier with a  for a gun, and shake hands politely. "Hullo!" said the man with the . "Here is a little stray dog without any on, – a nice little new dog for the show." Then he spoke kindly to Teddy, and gave him some food, and where was the little that night but sleeping with all the other little circus dogs in the big white tent.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER II.—A Full Moon.

ALL the rest of the day the four children were busy, carrying things over the bank, down to the shore.

When they were called in to get ready for tea that night, Judy said to Fred, "You be all ready, Fred, won't you? You know when."

"Don't you worry," said Fred.

When Mary, who had taken care of the children always, called them to go to bed that night, Judith pulled her into the spare room just across from the big nursery.

"Mary," she said, and she put her arms around her neck, "do you love me *very* much?"

"Sure, what are you after now?" said Mary.

"Mary," said Judith, "what time do you go to bed?"

"Sometimes one time, and sometimes another," said Mary; "what do you want to know for?"

"I want to get up and see the moon when it's full tonight—you know I never did, and you promised I should, sometime. Oh, Mary do! do!" And Judith still hung about her neck.

"Well," said Mary, after a moment, "I don't know as 'tis any harm. Will you go right back to bed when I tell you, if I do—mind, I don't say I will!"

But Judith knew now that Mary would wake her. "Indeed I will. I'll go right back the minute you tell me."

"Well, you go to bed and go to sleep now, and if there's a real bright moon I'll wake you."

"You're the best old Mary ever was!" said Judith, then.

"Sure, I don't know as I'll be doing the right thing at all," said Mary, as she went down stairs, "but what harm could it be?"

"Judy! Judy! wake up now, and see the moon," said Mary in the nursery, about half after ten. Then, as Judith only grunted sleepily, she went on, "Oh, it's too sleepy you are! don't mind seeing the moon then! go to sleep again!"

"DON'T LET'S GO," SAID TOM.

"Oh, what?" said Judy rousing up. "Oh, I remember! I'll get right up."

Very softly, not to waken Tom who was "as sound as a church," Mary said, they tiptoed out, and into the spare room to look out of that window.

"Isn't it just beautiful?" said Judith, as she leaned on the sill and looked across at Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton. "Fort Diamond" looked black, except on top where Judith could see the two guns. The projections on Fort Hamilton caught the light and sparkled like diamonds. On the water lay a path of silver, from shore to shore.

"How still it is!" said Judith. "Oh, how much stiller moonlight is than sunlight!"

Just then came the puff, puff, of a little tug. Judith begged to stay, to see it go by. So Mary let her. On it came ruffling the silver path, and sending off little rippling waves as it passed that danced and shimmered as if having a frolic on their own account.

When the tug had gone by, and the waves were still again, and the clock had struck eleven, Mary made Judy go back to bed. Then she said good night and went away to her own room.

After a little while Judith sat up in bed, and listened. The house was very, very still. Judith slipped out of bed and crept softly over to Tom's bed and touched him on his shoulder. But he didn't stir. After touching him several times, she shook him.

Tom turned over, with a jerk of his shoulder. "Don't, Mary," he said. "I don't want to get up yet."

"Tom, Tom," whispered Judith, "it isn't Mary! It's me, Judith. It's time to get up and dig!"

"Oh, Judy, I don't think I want to," said Tom.

"Well, Tom Britton!" said Judith under her breath. "Don't want to dig! don't want to dig for the treasure! Get up! put your trousers and jacket on—here they are!"

Tom whispered as he put on his trousers that he didn't want to go. But Judy put on her clothes, picked up her shoes and Tom's, and then grasped his hand. "Now," she said, "you be as softly, just as softly as ever you can."

But Tom pulled back, as she opened the door.

"Tom!" whispered Judith sternly, "I do believe you're going to be a 'fraid cat!"

Tom yielded at that, and then the two crept down the stairs.

The upper half of the door that looked seaward was open, and Judith lifted the latch of the lower half very softly. She left it open behind her lest it creak, and they stepped out on the piazza.

Somehow things did not look at all as they did in the daytime. The lighthouse was very white on the side where the moon struck it, very dark, quite black, on the other side; and the light on top was very queer. On the lawn lay long black shadows, and the picket fence appeared very white and odd.

"Don't let's go," said Tom.

Judith was thinking just that, herself. But she choked down her feelings, that seemed to be all in her throat. "Put on your shoes," she said, and sat down and put on her own.

First, they were to go up and wake Fred and Nancy—that was what the four had arranged.

"Tom," she said suddenly, a good idea coming into her head, "I don't believe we can wake Fred and Nancy by just throwing a pebble against their window—you know how I had to shake you! We won't go up there—we can divide with them tomorrow just the same. Come on!"

Taking Tom's hand into hers, she stepped off the piazza, with him.

The tall grass brushed against their bare legs and ankles. Tom moved closer to her. "It feels awful tickly," he said.

"You know what it is," said Judy, "only just grass."

They walked a little further, but somehow they couldn't see the gate.

"Judy," said Tom, "do you suppose there's snakes ever walking round in the grass nights?"

Judy swallowed down a scream. "Tom Britton, you're the most awful boy! You know there isn't a snake about here!"

"Yes, there is too," said Tom; "Jack Holmes killed a garter snake last summer right out by their gate."

"Oh," said Judith (feeling a shiver go down her back), "that's a good way from here. Are all the shovels and things down by the rock?"

"Why, you know they are there," said Tom; "didn't we take them down today—I mean yesterday? Is it today or yesterday, Judy?"

Tom's question was never answered, for something moved directly under their feet and both fell, each screaming, "Oh! oh! snakes! snakes!"

They tried to get up, but the thing under them seemed to straighten out, and it tripped them again, and over they went, in fresh terror, and Tom came *bump!* on his nose, and Judith scraped her bare leg on something that hurt. Then there was a dreadful snort and bellow, and a calf (that they had forgotten all about) plunged wildly at the end of the rope that had tripped them. Such an uproar as there was where a minute before all had been so quiet!

Then some one ran to them, calling, "What's the matter?" and the children were picked up amid wondering exclamations. Their father and mother and Ned were there and were taking them into the house.

"Oh, dear!" said Tom crying, looking up into his father's face, "I didn't want to go at all, indeed I did'nt, but Judy just would!"

The children were both crying, in fact, and it was sometime before Judy could tell her mother how it was. But she did sob out at last, "We were only going to dig for Captain Kidd's things! And"—

But nobody listened, for all, even her mother, burst out laughing.

"Now, father, you see!" Mrs. Britton managed to say finally. "I told you it was not quite the right thing."

And then they heard Judy through, snakes and calf-rope and all. And then Judy cried again.

"Don't cry, Judith," said her father, "You can dig in the day time. Twelve o'clock at noon, in my opinion, is just as good as twelve o'clock at night! Go right to bed now. It will

all come out right." And he lifted Tom in his arms, and carried him up stairs, and Judith went upstairs too, clinging to her mother's hand.

"Oh," said Judith, when they were left alone, "that rope just felt all alive, didn't it Tom?"

"Yes," said Tom sleepily, "it did *so*;" and two minutes after, he was sound asleep, but Judith tossed and tumbled a long time.

Katherine B. Foot.

(*To be continued.*)

THIS is Master Jonathan
Waiting for his tea.
His face is sad, but we are glad
He waits so patiently.

A. M. W.

HOW BABY BIRDS LEARN TO FLY.

WHAT *was* the baby humming-bird doing? He was only a mite of a bird with no tail to speak of, yet here he was, sitting on the edge of the wee nest high up in the old silver poplar, beating his bits of wings as fast as ever he could. But though the little wings went so fast that they made a haze above his back, the little humming-bird never moved one inch from his perch.

The baby bird was wiser than he looked. A humming-bird's wings need to be very strong, for this bird gets its dinner while flying. To make his wings strong, the little fellow was instinctively exercising them. So hard he worked that he soon became tired, and snuggled down in the nest. But after his mother had brought him some nice spiders and gone away, he sat up again on the edge of the nest, and began once more to exercise his wings.

He was just seventeen days old when first I saw him at his flying lessons; and from this time on, after every meal, which came about once a half-hour, he spent a few minutes in this way.

On the day that he was three weeks old he had gained strength enough to leave the nest. His mother had just fed him and gone away, and his brother was fast asleep in the nest. The little wings were beating the air as usual, when all of a sudden they lifted him right up out of the nest and into the big world! Slowly but steadily he rose and soon lighted on a dead twig. Here his mother found and fed him when she came back, and after that I saw him no more.

Almost all birds that are hatched in trees may sometimes be seen exercising their wings as the humming-bird did. But not all are as brave as he was, for when the time comes to leave the nest many of them are as afraid to start as a baby is to take the first step. And the old birds act very much as the baby's father and mother do.

They perch near, calling, and perhaps offering it something to eat, while the bird baby on the edge of the nest cries to be

fed and flutters its wings, but dare not try it. When at last it ventures, often one of the parents flies just under it to make it feel safer. It flies a little way, and then clings to a branch, all tired out.

Then the brave bird baby is always fed, and, I suppose, praised and petted in bird language.

When the whole family of bird babies are out of the nest, they must be taught to keep together in a little flock, for at first they scatter in all directions.

Once a blue-bird fledgling had become separated in this way from the rest, and was crying for food. The father blue-bird saw him. But instead of going straight to him, he flew past and stopped a little farther along with the food in his bill. The blue-bird baby followed him and was fed. Then the father blue-bird flew away.

It was not long before the youngster was hungry again, and again cried. This time too, the wise father flew past him and lighted beyond; and so the little one was gently led to the rest of the family.

But sometimes young birds don't want to do their lessons, and then they are punished. Once a family of crows were taken out for exercise, but one didn't go. When the others came back he was punished for his laziness by being knocked off his perch. (I should hardly believe this story if I didn't know the person who saw it.)

Sir Humphrey Davy tells this flying-lesson story of some Golden Eagles:

"The parents began by rising from the mountain, in the eye of the sun. They first made small circles and the young imitated them, while they paused on wing waiting. Then they took larger gyrations, always rising toward the noon sun, and enlarging their circle of flight so as to make a gradually ascending spiral. The young still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted, and all continued this sublime exercise, always rising till they were mere points in the air, and at last lost to our aching sight."

Mary Mann Miller.

LIONS BY THE WAY.

DID you never, ever play
At "Lions by the Way"
When you was small, like me?
(Mamsie's littler—she's three,
An' she doesn't like the lions when they bray;
She jus' cries an' runs away—
Yes, you do—you did to-day,
When the lion'd got to eat you for his tea,

An' he'd caught you fair an' square,
An' he'd got you in his lair,
An'—) I'll tell you, it's like this:
(No, you doesn't have to kiss.)

There's two AWFUL, hungry lions on the stair;
You take string, an' tie 'em there,
So as—if they play it fair—
When you run between 'em, *sometimes* they'll miss!

If one catches you, why then
You've a chance to try again;
But the next time he may bite
Jus' a teeny little mite,
Till you count out, "One, two, seven, ninety, ten!"
(Mamsie "shoos" 'em like a hen,
Till they go inside their den,
An' they cheat an' let her through, an' that ain't right.)

Then the lions shut one eye,
An' you creep up on the sly,
An' you hol' your bref an' run!
If you get through, then you've won;
If they catch you, THEY WILL COOK YOU IN A PIE!
An' they'll eat you by an' by,
(That makes Mamsie al'ays cry!)
An' YOU'VE got to be the lion when they're done.

John Harrison.

TEDDY AND THE WHIPPOORWILL.

ONE summer night Teddy sat on the front porch with his head in his father's lap. His mother was in the hammock by the clematis vine. The moon was shining through the trees, and Teddy saw a little bird fly to the gate-post.

"*Whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill,*" it said. Such a long, long word for a tiny bird to sing!

Teddy tiptoed to the hammock and whispered, "Oh, mother, can you see it?"

And the bird kept singing "*Whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill*," and they all staid still to keep from scaring it away. After a while Teddy's mother whispered to him to count how many more times the bird would say it."

Teddy sat by his father and they both counted. "*Whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill,*" the bird kept on and on without even stopping to take a breath, until Teddy's father had counted five hundred and seventeen.

Then the little bird rested about a minute and began again:

EVERY NIGHT THE LITTLE BIRD CAME TO THE GATE-POST.

"*Whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill,*" but Teddy's mother thought they had had enough music for one evening, so she said "Shoo!" very suddenly, and the little bird flew away.

And every night the little bird came to the gate-post and called, "*Whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill,*" and Teddy would count and count, and Teddy's mother would have to say, "Shoo! you dreadful little bird, go home!"

But one night Teddy's mother could not sleep, and away in the

middle of the night that little bird came back; and he took his seat on the same gate-post and began, "*Whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill.*" And he kept on and on, and Teddy's mother said she counted thousands and thousands, and the bird kept on and on. Then she woke Teddy's father and told him about it, and she said she felt so ill she could not stand it another minute.

Teddy's father took his gun and went out upon the porch. The yard is wide and big, and the moon had gone down, but by the starlight could be seen the little whippoorwill on the gate-post, still singing "*Whip-poorwill.*"

And Teddy, who was sleeping in his own little bed, awoke, and ran to his mother to know what was the matter. His mother began as kindly as she could to tell him about it, but Teddy had caught sight of his father with the gun, and he ran quickly, in his white gown, to the porch door where his father was standing with the gun at his shoulder, and just as he pulled the trigger Teddy threw his arms around his father's knees, screaming, "*Oh, father, don't kill my bird!*"

Bang! the shot went whizzing across the yard, and Teddy sobbed and sobbed.

But the bullet hit the gate-post! For Teddy had jarred the gun when he caught his father, the aim was lost, and Teddy had saved the life of the whippoorwill!

Then Teddy, in his nightgown, holding his father's hand, went out to the gate. The bird had flown away up into the woods on the hill, but Teddy's father found the bullet hole in the gate-post, Teddy put his finger into the hole to be sure.

When they went back to the house, Teddy kissed his mother, and patted her on the cheek—he always patted her when she was sick. He told her he was never going to let the whippoorwill bother her any more.

And after that the little bird did not come again to the gate-post, but staid in the walnut tree upon the hill, and sang "*whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill, whip-poorwill.*"

It was mournful but far enough away to make a sweet serenade, and Teddy's mother grew to love Teddy's little bird.

Ida J. Bane.

DID TOMMY DO IT?

TOMMY was not a little boy. He was a very big, old, grey cat.

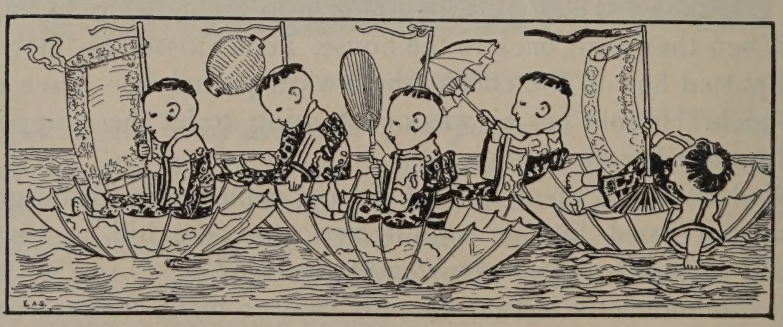
One evening Tommy's master, who was an old gentleman, was sitting by the fire, reading, and Tommy himself was lying on the rug, fast asleep, rolled up in a sort of a round ball, with his tail curled round his nose. The table was ready for tea, and on the table was a plate of sponge cakes.

By and by the old gentleman went into the next room, and was gone just about three minutes. When he came back, Tommy was still fast asleep, just in the spot where he had been before, but a very queer thing had happened. A sponge-cake had somehow come off of the table, and was lying close to Tommy, on the floor, and there was a little piece bitten out of it!

Now, *how* do you suppose that happened? Little cakes don't jump off the table by themselves, and pussies who are sound asleep don't jump up on tables, and steal cakes, and bite them.

Do you suppose that old puss was really asleep? If she wasn't, don't you think she was the slyest cat that ever was seen?

Alice P. Carter.



ON THE BATH-TUB SEA.

SIR BEE AND HIS WHEEL.

SIR Bumble Bee, he bought a wheel,
So light, so bright, and new;
Sir Bee, said he, "The fastest thing
That ever moved or flew!"
He started out to "scorch" next day,
In headlong reckless style;
A large stone lay right in the way,
It wrecked the wheel, and sad to say,
Sir Bee in hospital must stay
A weary, weary while!

Fred C. Lyon.

A JOKE is well loved by the girls and the boys,
And 'tis best to be merry and glad;
But a joke is unworthy of the boys and the girls,
If it stings and makes any one sad!

J. L. B.

ROGGIE THINKS AND REGGIE THINKS.

(*The Roggie and Reggie Stories.*)

HERE THEY GO.

AND HERE IS THE MILL.

HELLO, LITTLE FELLOWS

WAY down the brook there was an old red mill and a waterfall—oh, a beautiful waterfall that bubbled and gurgled and foamed over a great high rock.

And sometimes Roggie and Reggie went down the little path through the meadow and along the little path by the brook to the old red mill and the beautiful waterfall.

And their mother would let them go all alone—those two little boys all alone! She would say:

"I trust you, my brave little sons. Do not go near the water, unless Uncle John goes with you."

(Uncle John was a dear old colored man who had lived a long time in the old red mill.)

And always when Roggie and Reggie went down to the mill they called, "Uncle John, Uncle John, here we are!"

And Uncle John would come out of the mill and say, "Hello, little fellows! Have you come down to the mill to hear Beauty sing again, little fellows?"

(Uncle John called the waterfall "Beauty.")

And then he took hold of Roggie's hand and Reggie's hand and led them around the mill, and there was the

waterfall—there was "Beauty" bubbling and gurgling and foaming over a great high rock.

And Uncle John said, "Just listen little fellows! Beauty is singing a wonderful song this morning! It rained last night and that made Beauty happy."

And Roggie listened and Reggie listened to the beautiful waterfall's song.

And Roggie said, "What does she say, when she sings, Uncle John? What does Beauty say when she sings?"

And Reggie said, "What does Beauty say when she sings, Uncle John?"

And Uncle John laughed and said, "Oh, I guess she says, 'I'm free and I'm glad, little fellows, I'm free and I'm glad."

And Roggie listened and Reggie listened to the beautiful waterfall's song.

And Roggie clapped his hands and said, "I hear her say it, Uncle John! I hear her say 'I'm happy and free, little fellows!'"

And Reggie clapped hishands and said, "I think I hear her too, Uncle John! I *think* I hear her too!"

And Uncle John said, "Bless your dear hearts, of course you do! That is what you hear the birds singing too, all summer long—'I'm glad and I'm free!' Now just come with me, little fellows, up to your apple-trees and

"BEAUTY"

AND THEY LISTENED

AND UNCLE JOHN LAUGHED.

THE TWO TREES.

REGGIE AND HIS TREE.

"LIKE THIS."

you will see a sight worth seeing."

(Uncle John had given Roggie an apple-tree, all for his very own, and he had given Reggie an apple-tree all for his very own.)

And Uncle John took hold of Roggie's hand and Reggie's hand, and he led them along a little path, and up a little hill, and there were two little apple-trees all covered with pink and white blossoms!

And Roggie clapped his hands and said, "Oh, where did the blossoms come from, Uncle John?'

And Reggie, dear little Reggie, put his arms around his tree and said, "I love my little tree, I do, Uncle John."

And Uncle John said, "Why the blossoms come right out of the limbs of the tree, little fellows, right out of the limbs of the tree. And by-and-by the blossoms will fly away, like birds and your trees will be covered with apples. And the apples will grow and grow until they are as big as a red ball. And I will take you up on my shoulders, like this, little fellows, and you will pick the apples off of your trees and eat them one by one."

And Roggie said, "How do apples know how to grow, Uncle John?"

And Reggie said, "Yes, how do they know how?"

And Uncle John said, "Ask your mother, little fellows!"

Gertrude Smith.

HELPING.

The editors and publisher of Little Folks are gratified that so many parents appreciate their endeavors to make a really first class magazine for small children. So large a list of subscribers has never before been secured in so short a time for a children's publication. It is hoped that by Jan. 1st, 1900, the number of subscribers will be large enough to not only meet all the expense of publishing Little Folks but to enable them to make many improvements.

This can easily be done if all of Little Folks' friends will help to make the magazine known among their acquaintances. If every subscriber would spend two hours of two afternoons in trying to secure one or more new subscribers, this result would be accomplished. One mother writes "Little Ruth who is only six years old, dearly loves her magazine and has secured three new subscribers without any assistance." A little girl ten years old writes "I have six subscribers and I wish you would send me the little gold watch as quick as you can. I got three by myself and mama helped me get the others by writing a note to her friends and I left my magazine for them to see it. Please send a new April number because I want to keep them all."

Another letter says "I want to thank you for the six really beautiful books you sent Mary as a premium for two subscribers. She is only eight years old and secured the names in two afternoons. She has the promise of more."

The publisher receives many such letters and would like to have every little reader help in this way to establish Little Folks and make it more and more successful.

The publisher has recently made his agents the following very liberal offer in *addition* to the regular premiums and commissions. To any one sending 30 new subscribers within six months, fifteen books will be given, to anyone sending 50 new subscribers 30 books will be given, and for 100 new subscribers sent within six months seventy-five volumes may be selected from the list given on the 3d page of the cover of this magazine. This offer is also made to all present subscribers.

There are more sets of the eight paper dolls which will be sent to any mother who sends the names and addresses of 25 mothers who can afford to take LITTLE FOLKS.

The Bound Volume of LITTLE FOLKS for 1898 will be sent postpaid for $1.25. It is a beautiful book and should be in every family where there are small children.

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

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GOLD CASE.

This cut, reduced one-half, is from a photograph direct from the watch. They are good, reliable watches, American movement, guaranteed. The publisher of LITTLE FOLKS can conscientiously recommend them and having spent considerable time in the examination of many watches believes these are the best to be found for the price. Any person, boy or girl, will be proud to own one of these little gems. They are stem winding and setting, and will be furnished in triple gold plated, beautifully engraved case, and will be given for six new subscribers, and 30 cts., or for three new subscribers and $1.55. With good care this case will wear for years. The pictures give but little idea of their beauty.

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Pope Building, Boston.

HUMBOLDT, IOWA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am six years old. I have been to school five months, and I thought I would write a letter to you. I like your magazine so much, and every evening I tease my mama or Nettie to read it to me. I think they will be glad when I can read well enough to read all the stories myself, but it will not be long for I have such a nice teacher; her name is Clara Bicknell and we learn so much every day. I like to read the letters in the letter bag and hope mine will be in before long. Good bye,
LITTLE FOLKS. *Muriel Rogers.*

LINN GROVE, IOWA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a boy eleven years old. I have six brothers, their names are Herbert, Ernest, Ray, Elgar, Rex, Trevor. We had eleven swarms of bees last year—all but two swarms died. We have got a bicycle. Herbert can ride it; he is not at home now, but at my grandmother's working for her. We have been setting blue grass sods around our house to-day. *Buel Haight.*

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QUINCY, ILL.

Dear Little Folks:—My papa said he would subscribe for you another year if I would write you a letter. I think this a good way to get a *nice* thing without paying much for it. We all enjoy you very much. I don't know which stories I like most.

I spoke the "Toothsome Snowman" for our Sunday School entertainment on Christmas; I also spoke "Lost—Little Dog Brownie."

I have a little skye terrier; most people say he is the ugliest dog in town, but they are very much mistaken. He likes to go buggy-riding with my papa and he looks very comical sitting up by his side. *Hugh Steiner.*

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very much. I like the story of "Bobby's Rainbow Bath," and "Left With The Sugar Bowl" and "Donald's Good Hen." I owe all my happiness to Margaret Knox, for she told my mother about you. Once I lived in Long Island and my father had a beautiful old horse, and his name was Romeo. We had chickens and hens. I had two nanny goats, all my own. In winter I had a little sleigh and in summer I had a team. Once I was in the barn trying to catch one of my little baby goats and it ran right in Romeo's stall, and Romeo gave a kick to get away the flies—and goaty was dead! *Gwenydd Weller.*

NORTHPORT, ALA.

Dear Little Folks:—It was a very pleasant surprise to me this bright Sunday morning, and to my mama as well, to receive "*Little Folks.*"

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LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON.

Mama intended subscribing for you for me last fall, but she made a mistake in the name and subscribed for "Little Ones and The Nursery" instead, and we are especially delighted with the change. My little brother likes "Roggie and Reggie" best of all the stories. I like them all. I am eight years old, and am in the second grade at school. This month, I am first on the Honor roll, a place I have been working for all the session. *Ludovic Park Sloan.*

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—We live in the country near the sea. We have a sailboat and a dory. The name of the sailboat is the dolphin. Morton and I go to row semetimes. We have a cat. His name is Jimmy. His fur is soft; he is gray all over—not a speck of white on him. We have a house built for him in the cellar. It is built high up by the ceiling and has a swing door so that he can go in and out when he pleases. This door is in the cellar window. Our furnace keeps his house warm. Jimmy is shedding his fur now. I like "Billy Boy Brown" the best, and "Little Jane Ann." *Margaret Kyle.*

PORTLAND, ORE.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very much, and wish you would come sooner to me. My sister, mama and papa read your stories to me. I am six years old and go to school. I would like to send you my picture for your pages if you would like it. [Yes.] *Evelyn Hitchcock.*

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl nearly eight years old. I am writing on my papa's typewriter. So many little girls and boys are sending letters to you, that I want to write you too. I have a dear little sister, named Dorothy about four years old. To-day she washed a little kitten in a tin pan full of water and nearly drowned it. The kitten was not much longer than a big hairpin, and had not yet got its eyes open. I wish you would put this note in your next paper so that papa can cut it out and put it our family scrap-book.

Catharine Yates.

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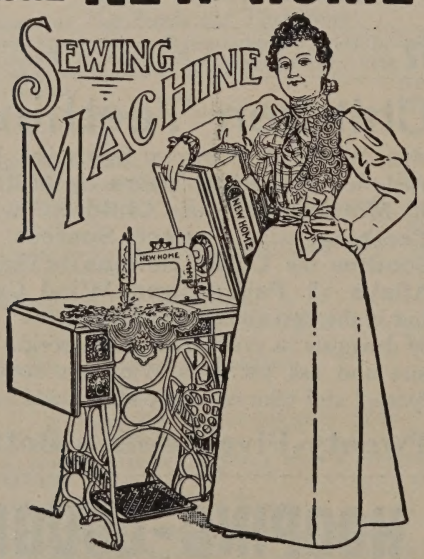

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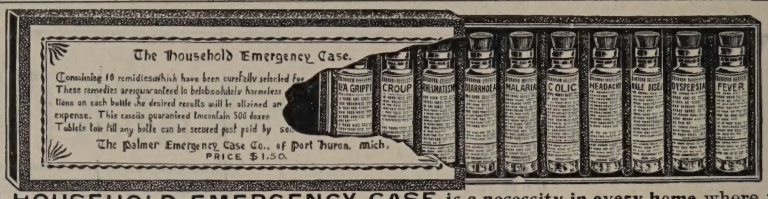
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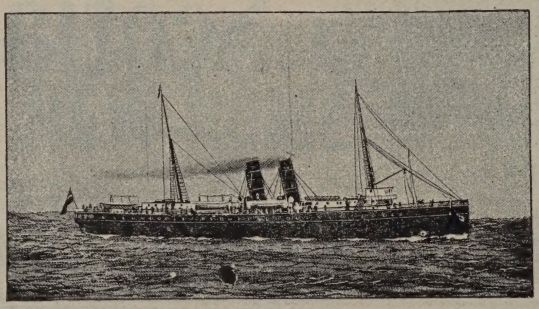

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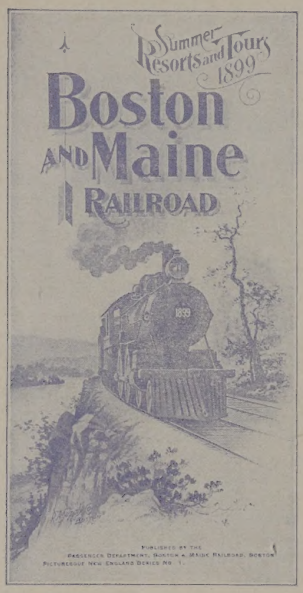

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